



CHAPTER X.

Long since the moon has mounted the heavens; now it is at its full. A myriad stars keep company with it, the hush of the night is deep, the sleep of the world is deep, the sleep of the world is deep.

Vera, rising cautiously from beside Griselda, who is, as usual, sleeping the sleep of the just, slips gently on to the bare white across which the moonbeams are traveling delicately.

Sleep has deserted her. Weary at last of her efforts to lose herself and her hateful thoughts in unconsciousness, she determines to rise and try what study may do for her. She steps lightly across the room, opens the door and speeds with all haste over the corridor, gaunt and ghostly in the dim light, down the grand old staircase, and enters a room on the left of the library, where one day she made the discovery that comfort was to be found.

Striking a match, she lights a lamp upon a side table and proceeds to examine the book shelves. Taking down one that she thinks will please her, Vera kneels upon one of the deep window seats, looks outward, trying to pierce the soft and scented gloom.

The opening of the door rouses her. It is quite an hour later—an hour forgotten by her as she reads. With a sudden start she looks up, turning her face over her shoulder to the door, to see who can be coming in at this unholly hour. Her heart grows cold within her as she sees—Seaton Dysart!

In silence they stare at each other. Vera, indeed, so great is her excitement, forgets to rise, but sits there curled up among her furs, with a little frozen look of fear and detestation on her perfect face.

"I have disturbed you," says Seaton at last, breaking the spell, and speaking in a distinctly unnatural tone.

"I did hope I should have found privacy somewhere, at some hour," says she, coldly.

"I came for a book," says he, contritely. "Now that I am here, will you permit me to say a few words in my own defense?"

"Oh, defense?" says she, with undisguised scorn.

"Certainly. I would prove to you how entirely you have wronged me," says he, firmly. "I acknowledge that once my father expressed a wish that I should marry you," coloring darkly, "always provided you were willing to accept me; and I—slowly—accepted that wish."

"But why, why?" demands she, flashing round at him.

"I do not wonder at your question. It seems impossible there should be a reason," replies he, coldly. "For ever since the first hour we met you have treated me with uniform unfriendliness. I had almost said disaffection."

"There is a reason, nevertheless," says she, hotly. She has come a step or two nearer to him, and her large, lustrous eyes, uplifted, seem to look defiance into his. "Your reason I can fathom—but your father's—that I confess, puzzles me. Why should he, whose god is money, choose the penniless daughter of the brother he defrauded to be—"

"Defrauded?" interrupts Seaton, with a frown.

"Call it what you will," with an expressive gesture of his hand, "under the name of a loan, but the fact remains that the iniquitous deed that gave to your father what should have been ours was undoubtedly drawn up by my uncle. I have heard all about it a hundred times. Your father has denied it to me when I have written to him. His taking us home to live with him was, I suppose, a sort of reparation. To marry me to you, and thus give me back the property he stole—is that a reparation, too?"

She is as pale as death, and the hands that cling to the back of the chair near her are trembling. But her lips are firm and her eyes flashing. It occurs to Seaton, gazing at her in breathless silence, that if she could have a violent fit, and then there by a look she would have done it.

"You degrade yourself and me when you talk like that," says Seaton, who is now as pale as she. "For heaven's sake, try to remember how abominably you misrepresent the whole thing. If my father had a freak of this kind in his head—a desire to see you married to his only son—surely there was no disquiet to you contained in such a desire. It was rather—you must see that a well-meant arrangement on his part. It was more, boldly. 'He loves me; in wishing to see you my wife he paid you the highest compliment he could. I defy you to regard it in any other light.'"

"You plead his cause well—it is your own," says she, tapping the back of the chair with taper, agitated fingers. "Why take the trouble? Do you think you can bring me to view the case in a lenient light? Am I likely to forget that you and I aided and abetted your father in trying to force me into this detested marriage?"

"Pray put that marriage out of your head," says he, slowly. "You have taken it too seriously. I assure you I would not marry you now if you were as willing as you are unwilling. I can hardly put it stronger."

"When my grandfather left this property to you," she says, slowly, "he left it purposely unentailed. Your father, then, were you to cross his wishes, could leave you, as I have been left, penniless. To avoid that, you would fall in with any of his views. You would even so far sacrifice yourself as to—marry me!" Oh, the contempt in her tone!

There is a long pause. Then Seaton, striding forward, seizes her by both arms and turns her more directly to the light. The grasp of his hands is as a vise, and—afterward it seemed to her that he had, involuntarily, as it were, shaken her slightly.

"How dare you?" he says, in a low, concentrated tone. She can see that his face is very white, and that it is with difficulty he restrains himself; she is conscious, too, perhaps, of feeling a little self-contempt.

Then he puts her quickly from him and turns away.

"Pshaw, you are not worth it!" he says, his manner full of the most intense self-contempt.

CHAPTER XI.

A gleam of moonlight coming through the open window puts the lamp to shame, and compels Vera's attention. How is it, her heavenly face, the garden seems wrapped in those pale, cold beams! She can see it from where she sits on the deep, cushioned seat of the old-fashioned window, and a longing to see and go into it, to feel the tender night-wind beating on her burning forehead, takes possession of her.

Catching up a light shawl to cover the evening gown she wears, she steals, carefully as might a guilty soul, by Griselda's bed, along the dusky corridor, down the staircase, and past the servants' quarters, where a light under Mrs. Grunch's door warns her that remorseless foe has as yet refused to surrender herself to slumbers.

A small door leading into the garden is close to this, and moving swiftly up the narrow stone passage that brings her to it she opens the door, and so closing it after her that she can regain the house at any moment, she turns to find herself alone in the exquisite perfumed silence of the night.

As if stupefied by surprise, Vera stands motionless, her hands lying passively in her lap. She is aware that he is looking at her, with a new, wild, strange expression in his eyes, but a horrible sense of being powerless to resist him numbs all her being. And suddenly, as she struggles with herself, he bends over her, and without warning lifts her hands and presses warm, fervent kisses on the small, cold hands.

Then she is aroused indeed from her odd lethargy, and by a sharp movement wrenches herself free.

"Don't," she cries, faintly. "It is insufferable! I cannot bear it! Have you no sense of honor left?"

Her tone calms him, but something within him revolts against the idea of apology. He looks at her with a new, wild, strange expression in his eyes, but a horrible sense of being powerless to resist him numbs all her being. And suddenly, as she struggles with herself, he bends over her, and without warning lifts her hands and presses warm, fervent kisses on the small, cold hands.

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FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS

Easy Magic for Boys.

Here is a trick by the performance of which any boy or girl can surprise as well as amuse his companions at an evening's entertainment. The trick is one in which two coins are shown, placed one after the other in the left hand. The second is heard to "clink" against the first as it is dropped upon it. The hand being then opened is found to contain but one of the coins. This is again placed in the left, squeezed for a moment and disappears. The right hand then draws forth the two coins from, say, the knee.

In playing this trick a third coin is needed. The sleeves should be rolled back beyond the elbow, to show that nothing has been hidden beneath them. Then the two coins are first shown, the third being hidden in the right palm. The first coin is thrown carelessly into the left hand. Those looking on see it drop there, so they are positive that when the hand is closed it really contains the coin. And so it does. Coin No. 2 appears to be thrown into the hand in the same manner. The movement of the right hand is to all appearance the same, the "clink" is heard as the new coin strikes coin No. 1, therefore Coin No. 2 appears to be also in the left hand.

But it is not. As the left hand appears to close upon coin No. 2, it is rapidly carried by the fingers of the right hand into the palm, where it strikes against coin No. 3, making the clinking sound which deceives those looking on as to its real position.

The left hand is now opened and shown to contain but a single coin. The hand is then closed again, the coin pressed into the palm. When the hand is opened, care is taken not to expose the palm, and the hand is allowed to drop at the side as though it were empty. Although the palm is not exposed the audience will take it for granted that the hand is empty, as upon the earlier disappearance of one of the two coins the hand was so freely shown as to make it quite clear that the missing coin was not concealed in it. The appearance, at the conclusion, of the two coins in the right hand causes those watching to firmly believe that the left hand has no secret to yield up.

Busy Animals.

The fox is a dealer in poultry, but he is nothing more nor less than a thief. Fat ducks and chickens are his delight, and a plump rabbit comes next best. The otter and the heron are fishermen. The otter is not often seen, for he carries on his work mostly under the water, but the heron stands with his long, thin legs in the water waiting till a fish comes by. Then a sudden plunge with his long, sharp bill and the poor fish is brought up and swallowed.

The ants are the busiest of all. Catch an ant asleep in the daytime if you can. They are always in earnest at their work, building their underground homes and laying up stores of food for the long winter.

The swallow is a fly catcher, and skims now over the surface of the little streams. It takes a great many flies to feed him for just one day, and he is forever at work.

The beaver is a wood cutter, a builder and a mason. It cuts down the small trees with its teeth, and after it has built its house, it plasters it with its tail.

The small, too, is a builder, but it takes the material for its house from its own body. It is so anxious to begin work that it commences to build its own house before it is even hatched.

The mole that burrows under the ground makes a little fort under the earth from which it tunnels in every direction, and it makes such clever paths that it can run from one to the other and can scarcely be caught.

The bees do not all live in hives or tree trunks. The mason bee digs a hole in a brick wall and lines it with clay. In this nest it lays two eggs and closes it up. The mason bee bores long holes in the sandbanks and the carpenter bees bore their tunnels in wood. The upholsterer bees line their nests with poppy leaves. The rose leaf cutter takes a leaf between its jaws, begins near the stalk and cuts out a circle of just the right size and as perfect as could be marked with a compass. With these circles of fragrant rose leaf it divides its round hole in the wall into little cells.

Zulu Prince to Be a Schoolmaster.

Those of you who have read the story of "The Dark Continent" probably imagine that the Zulus are all

black savages, who dress in next to nothing and are great fighters. We have seen so many pictures of the typical Zulu with a leopard skin around his loins, a topknot of kinky hair stuck full of horn or bone decorations, a spear in his hand and a hide-bound shield on his arm, that we can hardly imagine him wearing a frock coat and an American haircut. John L. Dube, a full-blooded Zulu and descendant of a noted chieftain, will soon appear among his fellows in the clothes of civilization. He has been in America several years securing an education, and he is now going back to his people to educate them. He proposes to establish a school for boys and girls in the Zulu jungle. He will teach the young folk of his race to wear clothes, to part their hair with a comb instead of a spear and to adopt the customs of civilization generally.

Belinda.

Belinda's eyes are china blue, Belinda's nose is really hair. She wears it in a plait. It's true, Belinda's made of rags. But what is that to me? Because I'm sure her hair must grow—Her hair is real, you see.

And when I fasten on her clothes And have to use a pin, She doesn't mind it in the least. How far I stick it in, I'm sure she feels it for although She doesn't seem to care, There must be something in a doll Whose hair is really hair.—New York Tribune.

A Swift Ostrich.

Oliver W., according to the American Boy, is the name of an ostrich which spends its summers at Saratoga and its winters in Florida, and has the distinction of being one of the very few ostriches of the country broken to harness. It is ten feet high and weighs over three hundred pounds, and makes a mile in 2:02, equaling the time of Crescens and The Abbot, the two fastest horses.

Why Moslems Use Rugs.

It is not lawful for a Moslem to pray on any place not perfectly clean, says the Boston Herald. Unless each one has his own special rug, he is not certain that the spot has not been polluted. It does not matter to these followers of Mohammed how unclean a rug that is on the floor may be, because over it they place the prayer rug when their devotions begin.

What a Calf Is?

Teacher—What is a picture of? Small Pupil—Don't know. Teacher—It's the picture of a calf. Now, do you know what a calf is? Small Pupil—Yes, ma. A calf is a cow before it gets to be a cow.

Hiccough in the Wrist.

Little 8-year-old Helen accidentally discovered her pulse one day and, running to her mamma, exclaimed: "Oh, mamma; I've got the hiccoughs in my wrist!"

Kind of Speaking He Liked.

"To speak in a piece in school," said Johnnie with a sigh, "is not much fun; I'd rather speak for a piece of pie."

Why Was the Milk Sour?

Mamma—Bessie, dear, you must not drink that milk. It's sour. Bessie (aged 4)—Why, mamma, has the cow been eating pickles?

ADMIRAL BROWN'S NICKNAME.

How He Acquired the Euphonious Sobriquet of "Spud."

Rear Admiral George Brown, retired, carried a nickname during the last twenty years of his naval career that stuck to him closer than that of almost any other officer in the service. He was known to every officer and man, from rear admiral down to berth deck cooks, as "Spud" Brown. This is how he earned his sobriquet, told the other night in the Army and Navy club:

Years ago, when he was only a commander, he was a skipper in one of the old wooden frigates, which were carrying the flag across the Pacific for service on the China station. The old vessel got in the doldrums, and to make matters worse, her machinery didn't work very well, and at the end of several weeks the messes forward and aft found themselves almost in the middle of the ocean with little more to eat than the regulation "salt horse," hardtack, "beef and bully" and other scurvy-producing articles of diet. All hands had a mighty hankering after "spuds," by which name the Irish potato is affectionately cherished by mariners.

Soon afterward a big trans-Pacific liner bound for San Francisco moved in sight, half-hull down in the distance, plowing eastward. Signals to heave ho! immediately blossomed from the foremast of the frigate, but the liner was in a hurry and did not stop. Bigger signals poured down to berth deck cooks, but still the liner sped onward contemptuously. The next moment a solid shot went ricocheting ahead of the passenger boat, and in answer to this summons the vessel heaved to, while her skipper waited in amazement for the frigate to draw up and send a boat alongside.

Instead of announcing a declaration of war, Capt. Brown's emissaries, who came alongside in a cutter, took Capt. Brown's compliments to the master of the liner and with them an inquiry would the merchant captain be kind enough to part with a supply of spuds for cash to relieve the sufferings of a lot of hungry man-o'-war's men. The remarks of the merchant captain are not on record, says the New York Times, but the spuds were produced, and Admiral Brown will be known as "Spud" Brown until he dies.

When a very young man begins to know how much less he knows than he thinks he knows then he knows something that is really worth knowing.



facturing companies claim to be seven hundred times as great as the force of gravitation, and thus you see why the skim-milk from the separator contains a smaller percent of butter fat than the skim-milk from which the cream has been allowed to rise, and this is one reason why it is more profitable to patronize a creamery than to make the butter on the farm. Another thing to be considered is that the creamery man, being skilled in the art of making butter, is able to make a better article than as a rule is produced on the farm, and then he can ship it where it will command the highest price, while the farmer has to sell at local prices, which is usually several cents below creamery prices.

Ensilage or Rooting.

The cost of growing corn, cutting it and putting it in the silo, has been variously reported at almost all figures from \$1 to \$3 per ton. We do not doubt but that it has been done for the smaller sum when the land has been made rich and well cultivated, and the most modern improvements were at hand to do the work, but we think a fair average would be nearer double that, with the ordinary farmer, even in a favorable season. But there are not many who would like to grow roots for feeding to stock at that price. Certainly we know of none who would grow them to sell at that price, and few who would care to grow them at \$4 per ton if they could grow other crops and find a ready cash market for them. As regards the value of them an average of the various roots show that the same amount of each fed with equal rations of hay and grain resulted a little in favor of the roots, but it was more than offset by the two facts that the roots cannot be kept in as good condition for late spring or summer feeding as can the ensilage, and that there is more apt to be a crop failure from drought or other causes with the roots than with the corn. The droughts of the past two years have led many to believe that having ensilage to feed in the summer when pastures are growing and a crop of almost any kind of roots, but it was more than offset by the two facts that the roots cannot be kept in as good condition for late spring or summer feeding as can the ensilage, and that there is more apt to be a crop failure from drought or other causes with the roots than with the corn. 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